

My Two Dads

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Summary: My attempt at the most insane and unique Halo fic...I hope no one took this pairing, since it was my idea since I got the Legendary Ending years ago...Dangerously close to being a spamfic...:D

1. Learning Love's Lessons through the Love

Well, this is my first Halo Fanfic...I just came up with this after seeing the legendary ending. That black sergeant and an Elite are fighting on Halo right before it explodes, and when they see it is, and they're doomed, they embrace and the black guy says, "It's over baby". So I decided to have them survive, fall in love, and base a gay sitcom about them called, "My Two Dads". Yes, I'm insane...

The Bold text is audience reactions, but please save yourself from reading this fic and commit suicide...

Now the first episode of "My Two Dads": Learning Love's Lessons through the Love of Life's Lessons

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>Sergeant Tyrone Jone moaned as he landed on the ground.

"Damn, where the hell am I?"

He turns and looks over to see a large blue alien, known as an Elite to his side.

"What the hell happened?"

Various chuckles

Then it came back to him.

They had been fighting on Halo, then before it exploded,

he...he...found love.

"_It's over baby"_

And that tender embrace...

The Elite stirred and stared at Jones, content.

"What happened, where are we ya giant purple gook?

"Call meh Juan", said the Elite

"Hey Juan, how did we surviv-"

"Dih ju mean it...I mean...whah ju said on Halo"

"Wha...Yeah, baby, Tyrone Jone don't lie!"

Juan blushed.

They stared into each other's eyes and then embraced, for what seemed like hours.

"I love ju".

****Awwwwwwwwwwwwww****

"And I love you baby, now where the hell are we?"

"I don't know, but wherever we is, as long as we love each othah, we'll be fine".

****Awwwwwww****

"Hey, guess you guys are up and at 'em!"

A large man in tan armor steps up.

"Master Chief? Damn! I thought you was dead!"

Juan just kind of cringes.

"What's wrong baby? Don't tell me you're afraid ah Chief, he won't hurt you any"

"I know...it's jus that he killed my buddy Jesus....and he was just a little grunt...I still remember him crying for food nipples"

****Awwwwwwwwwwwwww****

"It's cool baby, Chief won't hurt yah any more, ain't that right?"

Master Chief just stares at Juan and Tyrone, tempted to chuck a plasma grenade at each of them, but resists.

"Uh...yes".

****Firm Applause****

"So Chief...where we be?"

Master Chief just kind of stared at the Sergeant, knowing inside that he could take out his handgun and beat both of them quite easily.

"We're approaching Earth. The Covenant have located it and are attacking it. The defenses need our help"

Jane stared at Chief and frowned.

"Damn boy! I've got a condo down there somewhere! If those alien bastards touch it, I'll unload a cap in their blue asses!"

"Honey..."

"I'm sorry baby, it's just that I wanted you to meet my family...Mama Jane is gonna dig ya..."

Chief stared through the cockpit as they landed somewhere in Southern California.

He could see a group of blue Elite brutally beating Joe Pesci's head on a robot body to death.

"Goddamn Gooks! Somebody friggin help me!"

Jane grabbed his assault rifle and rushed towards the door but Chief grabbed his shoulder.

"It's too late, Sergeant"

"Hell no niggah! I ain't gonna let this guy die! Did you friggin see him in Scarface?! All, 'Say hello to my little friend'"

"..."

****Light giggles****

Chief let go, and Jane took this as approval, although it was mainly the fact that the Master Chief figured that the ship would be lighter once Jane got his head blown off by an Elite.

Jane charged in, firing a shot at the closest Elite, which turned to him and roared.

The other Elites drew their blasters and pointed them at the soldier, about to shoot when Juan came between them.

"No! I will na have dis! Why are ju doing dis?"

The closest Elite cocked his head and looked at Juan.

"Waih ah minute! Ju Covenanto too!?"

"Yah!"

"Daaaaaimn...Ju see dat Pepe? I tolh ju I gah like a Covenant-Radar in my friggin head"

****Boisterous Laughter****

During this intelligent conversation, Joe Pesci-Bot began to stir.

"Hoowah! Hey what's going on!?"

"Yo, you da niggah from dat Scarface movie, righ?"

"Nah, ya friggin tinkin ah Pacino"

"Wah?! Who you be den?!"

"I'm Joe Pesci!"

Silence pervades the scene.

"..."

"Joe Pesci!"

"..."

"I was in dat one movie with Marisa Tomei! Dah one dey accidentally gave 'er an Oscar for!"

****Crowd makes farting noises with their mouths****

"..."

"And da one wit the heads in the duffe-Ah fugget it!"

Pesci-Bot pulls out his trusty baseball bat and starts playing a little stickball with the Elite and Jone, if you know what I mean. Let's just say things got a little bloody.

Pesci-Bot grinned as Pepe pitched and he knocked it out of the park. Then all of a sudden his nose began to bleed. Anti-climactic, huh?

Meanwhile the spacecraft behind them blasted away, Chief deciding that ditching them as fast as possible with Joe Pesci-Bot was the most humanitarian thing to do.

****Crowd lightly applauds****

Author's note: No comment. Please shoot me so the demons in my head that forced me to make this fic will be released.

2. The Truth of It All

Author's Note:

Don't ask.

Episode Two: The Truth of It All, Existence is a Farce

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><p>Bigg Mamma Jone's Space Cruiser Chevrolet Camaro of Love**

Sergeant Avery Johnson, although he liked to be called "Tyrone Jone" and "Bigg Poppa", with two g's of course, symbolizing he was a double-og, a super combo of an original gangster.

He lied down on his back, moaning to himself as he nodded.

"Mmmm yeah babyâ€|that's how we do it wit Tyrone Jone! Uh uh yeaaaaahâ€|harder baby!"

He groaned in surprise as Juan appeared out of nowhere.

"Umâ€|hey babyâ€|What's upâ€|"

Juan strolled forward, his Elite body moving rhythmically as he shook his fingerâ€|thingâ€|whatever Elite's have.

"Uh uh! Ju ain't talkin' to me like dat! "

Various chuckles

"Wat where ju makin' all dese noises 'bout? Ju seein' someone behind my back?"

Crowd starts applauding and making "Uh uh" noises like children.

"Uh hells no baby, I only got eyes fo you! Ya'll know it's true, I ain-"

Suddenly he was interrupted by an English accent as the floating orb that was lodged in his ass flew straight out, floating about while making odd noises.

343 Guilty Spark floated around for a bit; disorientated.

"Whereâ€|where am I? What was that horrid place full of waste and gerbils? Why is my visibility low? You are not the forerunner!"

Crowd begins chanting, "We like Ike!"

Johnson chuckled nervously as he saw the enraged face of his Elite lover view the flying ball of polite and awkward love that had flown out of his ass.

"Juuuu sonnuvabitch! I'm gonna cut ju!"

He suddenly switched to Tyrone Jone mode, raising an eyebrow to signify his grand transformation.

"Bitch please! I just thought we need to up the ante when we're fantin', ya kna?"

Juan paused for a second and then put away the purple laser phallus of death, sighing.

"Wellâ€¦I guess ju rightâ€¦We can spice up our sexytimes! But I get to pick da next partner!"

Bigg Poppa winked charmingly, clapping his hands while munching on a suddenly materialize piece of turkey jerky.

****Light applause****

"Damn left baby, damn left."

* * *

>Master Chief sighed as his ship floated in space, on its final destination to the unknown. <p>He hadn't realized until now that there were other Halos, he'd only just heard of Tartarus' plan and the fact that he'd-<p>

Suddenly a large projectile shaped like a 1967 Chevrolet Camaro crashed into Master Chief's Pelican, effectively dooming the entire human race and most of the known universe.

Master Chief shook his head, pulling out his ultra cool Halo 1 pistol and twirling it around, waiting for the Covenant to appear, flicking the pistol around in his hand and then doing a double ollie on it.

"I am Shalashaska!"

****Light giggles****

But instead of what he'd expected, Master Chief was faced with the twoâ€¦or maybe three most horrendously lame denizens of the galaxy, the dudes that the Arbiter never invited to the End of the World party to snort coke and talk about how "Posh Spice totally sucks balls compared to Baby Spice"

Juan the Elite, Sergeant Avery Johnson strolled in, Johnson holding a lasso gripped firmly around a chirping bundle of anal joy that had once called itself 343 Guilty Spark.

Now it was just "1337a55sLaVeXxX".

Master Chief sighed, realizing that at this range, a plasma grenade would probably kill him as well, so he gestured to the group and spoke in that vague unknown voice of his that sounded like a DJ for a radio station WDRV in Chicago, Illinois.

"What in Tony Danza's name do you fraggots want? You're going to get fragged if you don't get off my Pelican right now, my CS skills are as tight as a virgin's earhole! I don't want you freaks to mess up my groove yet again, these inane humorous meetings are only arranged to amuse a teen audience. Dammit, Rachel!"

****Crowd applauds and begins humming theme from "Friends"****

Sergeant Johnson, crept up to Master Chief, 1337a55sLaVeXxX still floating about on a lasso-like leash. He figured that as the black

guy, he would be the best one to deliver the message they had wanted to deliver to Master Chief. After all, no one killed the messenger.

Creeping forward, he whispered into Master Chief's juicy tight earhole, wherever that was on his helmet.

Master Chief nodded for a few seconds then slammed the butt of his assault rifle into Johnson's head, sending him flying back and causing a bunch of random Marines to show up out of nowhere and panic, then just as quickly disappear, products of the author's delirium.

Johnson groaned on the floor, writhing and then transitioning to "the worm".

"C'mon babyâ€|What's wrong with dat, huh? Everybody likes a lil, lil, ya kna?"

Master Chief crept forward, pointing his rifle at Johnson.

"With me? I'm so above your level, I'm like on the final boss already, you're like Raiden man! I'm Kevin Costner! I'm a super soldier! I'm like those guys in the X-Files."

Johnson sighed and Master Chief smirked, although it wasn't really visible, and turned around to find his rocket launcher and "gently eject" the boarders from his podhole.

But he was stopped by a certain floating orb of love that had escaped from its master's lasso.

The robot formerly known as 343 Guilty Spark pivoted and sashayed around in the air in front of Master Chief, then finally speaking in his precise, almost robotically musical (like Styx) tone.

"C'mon Honey Benetâ€|You make me rohrnyâ€|"

Crowd starts clapping with one hand.

"Uh?"

"Why would you hesitate to do what you have already done? Last time you asked me: if it were my choice, would I do it? Having considerable time to ponder your query, my answer has not changed. There is no choice. We must activate the phallus device."

Master Chief let out an unholy scream as the purple laser phallus of death flew towards him.

And then, all was darkness.

* * *

><p>Three Hours Later

Master Chief, Avery Johnson, a mariachi band, and Juan awoke, completely clothed in a huge slowly spinning love bed shaped like a "T".

1337a55sLaVeXxX hovered above them, inexplicably, somehow with a ballgag inâ€|whatever orifice , 1337a55sLaVeXxX could possibly have as an ancient artificial intelligence tasked with overseeing Installation 04; now with the prime directive of "PAAARTAY!" and "snort coke off public urinals at 3 AM"

Master Chief clutched his helmet, cursing his fate and trying to forget the passionate unity of the cosmos he'd made for the past three hours.

Meanwhile Johnson and the mariachi band smoothly sashay to a delightfully horrendous falsetto version of "Afternoon Delight"

"_Gonna find my baby, gonna hold her tight
> gonna grab some afternoon delight.
 My motto's always been; when it's right, it's right.
> Why wait until the middle of a cold dark night.
 When everything's a little clearer in the light of day.
> And you know the night is always gonna be there any way.
 Sky rockets in flight. Afternoon delight. Afternoon delight."_

Crowd goes crazy and starts slaughtering all mimes within a ten-mile distance

Suddenly Bill Cosby popped out of the bed, giving Master Chief a low-five.

"Dear godâ€|"

Bill Cosby nodded, clapping his hands.

"Uh joodajoo JELLO FOR EVERYBODY! LOW-FIVES GIVE YA CANCER!"

Crowd laughs and conservatively applauds as credits roll, mercifully.

* * *

>Author Notes:

I said don't ask, goddamit!

End
file.